OH, THE PITT OF ITS

The Horrible Misery of London's Poor De scribed by an Eyewitaess—The Wicke Felly of Very Many Lenden Charities.

LONDON, Dec. 19 .- No doubt the social question now emerging in this country from the industrial crisis and agricultural distress has had antecedents, and without ransacking the past, the history of ancient Rome and Greece prove how ignorant and prejudiced are contemporaneous socialistic agitators when they try to win followers by swearing that the existing state of misery is unparalleled and springs from unprecedented abuses. Yet, granting this, there is little doubt, also, that the actual sufferings of a great number in this country are intense, produced by fresh circumstances originating in causes which, it is to be hoped, will be as transitory as they are special. The riots of these last weeks, which I, as an eyewitness, feel satisfied in stating were greatly exaggerated, would, I also contend, have had the most dangerous and alarming consequences had it not been for the extraordinary precautions taken by the authorities and the unawed attitude of the police, as well as for the complete want of organization

mong the rioters.
Meanwhile the situation continues to present most threatening aspect; it is undeniable that the ruling classes seem really to have been struck by a panic. Measures of repression are unfortunately much more thought of at the present time than measures of succor. who live on it have done a great deal of harm to those whose interests they pretend to represent. People who do not reason-and these are everywhere in the majority-have een so struck by the perils attending demon strations which could not fail to attract the worst element of the community, that they have momentarily at least lost sight of the host of unfortunate and deserving poor surounding them. Although some well-manipu lated statistics have tried to establish that the misery has been greatly exaggerated, official returns authoritatively prove that pauperism till continues to increase in the capital. According to the latter, in the fourth week of September the paupers of the metropolis, including those in lunatic asylums and vagrants. numbered 90,935, the highest figure for nineteen out of the last thirty years. Outside of London we find in the same week in England and Wales, 705,170 paupers, the largest number during the last eight years. The following is my own experience on the subject. I have taken some trouble to visit alone, or with Intaken some trouble to visit alone, or with Independent ministers and Catholic priests, some of the most poverty-stricken thoroughfares, by streets, and alloys of the metropolis. I have seen hideous sights. You have heard of the rich people of the West End making up their parties to visit the slums as they would a race meeting or any social entertainment. Visitors of that description, though undoubtedly some are charitably inspired, get a show on order as it were, at times ugly enough; but they do not reach below the surface. Of all the Englishmen, who carry further than any one else, the idea that their house is their castle, the Englishmen, who carry further than any one else, the idea that their house is their castle, the English nauper most strongly resents an intrusion in his lair. When you knock at his door, dismali as may be the den behind, he will stubbornly challenge you before giving admittance, and it is almost at the peril of your life that you show your credentials.

In Westminster, accompanied by an Irish priest who seems to be a general favorite. I came to a cottage which from cellar to roof contained the suddest lot of human misery that could be dreamed of. All the men were out; for a fortnight they had been valuely seeking for work. Further on, in a room about eight feet square, on a bed made of rags and reeking with an insufferable stench, lay a young man in the last stage of consumption. In the same room was an old woman who might be 60 or 90, it was impossible to say. She was tending the sick man very gently. We asked her if the man was her son: she said no, he was only a distant relation, an orphan. He had caught his death of cold by sleeping out on a wet night. We asked her if the lived with her altogether; she said: "Oh, no, he had to go away at night to a common lodging house, but he returned to her when turned out of it in the morning."

"Why don't you keep him altogether?" I say, "as you seem so good?"

"Why, bless me, "she replies, "we are already sleeping five of us on that bed." dependent ministers and Catholic priests, some

morning."
"Why don't you keep him altogether?" I say,
"as you seem so good?"
"Why, bless me, she replies, "we are already
sleeping five of us on that bed."
The bed, save the mark, was about four feet
wide. Paupers are improvident and rash, their
practice being quite antimalthusian.
Here I see a woman who is certainly 50; maybe much more, with a haby hanging at her
breast; she has seven children; neither the
eldest, who is a youth of 19, nor the father, who
is past 50, can get any work. This family crowd
at night into one small bed. In another dwelling, in an equally cramped, awful hole, is a
women gearrying an infant, while a child 4
years oid, almost naked, lies on the floor. I ask
her, as she looks wonderfully young, if these
little creatures are her isisters. She smiles,
"Oh, dear, no, they are my own."
"But how old are you?" I say,
Ninetcen is the reply. Her husband is also
out of work. Beyond is a somewhat larger
room, but the stench is more overpowering
than anything I have gone through yet. It is
extraordinary, how suspers hate ventilation.
Except whereipanes are broken. I do not be-

ooking on.

from one year's end to the other. In that room there is a woman doing some washing and a child looking on.

"Where are the two others?" asks the priest, who has not been there for some time.

"They died of scarlet fever, Father. You know we all had it, huddling together as we do, but God only took the two little ones." That woman works at one of the large confectioners of the neighborhood, and when employed is not badly paid, for she gets two shillings a day; but just now they don't want her, will not want her till after Christmas, which means that sie will earn nothing during the direst weeks of the year. In ten of the families which I visited one day the rent had not been paid for some weeks, the arrears varying from two shillings to 22, which looks as if the landlord would soon have also to throw himself on public charity. Most of these rooms represent a rent of 2 shillings 6 pence a week.

A great cause of the tremendous distress which is now visiting Westminster, Clerken-well. Whitechapel, and the Borough is the comblete failure in the artificial flower and common fur trades. The thousands of girls employed in the first of those industries, and the bundreds at work in the second, are now actually on the streets. As to the men, those who suffer most just now are those employed in the building trade and as porters and hawkers. Some rooms are literally stripped of everything. However, I was struck by the presence in one or two of the most destitute places of a crucifix on the naked wall, and this leads me to remark that if very little religion survives among the poor of London, the poor Irish, who seem only to have come here to starve, retain a certain diclity to their faith. While the other unfortunatedestitutes of this capital have mostly eased to attend the services of their creed, he loor Irish, as a rule, practise the contex of their Church. The despair and hatred that I meet with its sometimes appalling, and the mero mention of railigion has more than once called forth a burst of horrible blasphemy. Cur

A dissenting minister tells me that one night recently he purposely walked from 12 to 3 colock to see if he could meet any houseless poor. The region he travelled through extends from Covent Carden to London Bridge. He counted 125 men and women who were homeless, Remember that on the very same night there were probably some 1560 paupers in the casual wards of the cardial. Some of the homeless people were walking, some were sitting. As long as they walk or merely sit, the nolice level them alone; they only plek them up and bring them to the workhouse when they sleep, and therefore those miserable beings do their umost to remain awake. The hatred and horfor of the workhouse among these unfortunates is unutterable, and no wonder. The following

since therefore those miserable beings do their simost to romain awake. The hatred and horsor of the workhouse among these unfortunates is unutterable, and no wonder. The following story, which was related to me by the same elersyman, shows how justy founded is this parted, and at the same time how stupid the English workhouse rules are:

Among the miserable starvers he met on his nocturnal expedition was a tailor, who told him-and this was perfectly true—that on the alonday he had made part of a job, for which le was to receive 18 pence, this amount was to be remitted only with the balance due for the rest of the work, at the same time he would lost he 18 pence should he not finish the job. As he cauld not work at night, he thought he would walk it out. However, the weather being stormy and wet, he resolved to go to the easts would walk it out. However, the weather the workhouse to let him go, telling him about his unfinished job; but the task master of the workhouse to let him go, telling him about his unfinished job; but the task master would not hear of it, and kept him in I Tuesday at stope breaking, and only reseased him on the Wednesday morning. When applying then to his employer to flush his work, he was told that as he had not come on Tuesday another man had faished it, and had been paid for it. So this journeyman, owing to the workhouse for Tuesday, but the money he had carned on Monday,

It would not be giving an accurate idea of all we take the storm of the second of the workhouse areas ments had not only lost his day's work he would not be giving an accurate idea of all we seem to be seen to be seen to be seen to see the second of the workhouse areas ments had not only lost his day's work he was told that as he had not only lost his day's work he was told that as he had not come on Tuesday another man had fained at the money he had carned on the second of the s Monday.

It would not be giving an accurate idea of all the features of our present trouble if I did not

add that if a great many paupers are suffering through no fault of theirs, nor from drink nor idleness, a great many, on the other hand, are merely the victims of these two vices. Although drunkenness has greatly diminished during these last years, it has still a terrible hold on the working classes of this country. Last week I entered a small public house near the docks, and counted in one compartment three women of various ages, all of them in various stages of drunkenness, yet surrounded by small children.

The next day I visited a priest in Clerkenwell, as we talked in his library we heard four male voices shouting under his window; "We've got no work to do." The good priest opened his door, called them in, and said; "One, my friends, I will give you some work." "We don't want work," they bawled; "we want something to eat.

"Of course I shall pay you for your work," said the priest, "come into the church with me. I want to have the windows cleaned, and I will give you two shillings apiece for ft."

"No, thanks," was the answer, "we can do better in the streets," and they went away.

The saddest feature of all is the silent, shamed misery that will accopt neither compassion nor alms, and only take work. I have come across cases of this kind and not found them rare. When visiting cottages, more than once have I knocked at doors without gaining admittance, sometimes getting not even an answer. "Is your neighbor gone?" I would ask of the other people of the house. "No: but they will not let anybody in, and yet are probably starving."

Although I have said that the panic-stricken community is just now more busy with repression than with help, I do not wish to convey the idea that no good work is done at prosent. Assistance is still rendered in many sinapes, but more could certainly be accomplished if there wore better management. What, fer instance, could create more pain, indignation, and disgust than the horrible disclosure recently made that almost two-thirds of the money intrusted to the Chariy Organization

LIFE IN THE CONGO VALLEY.

Impressions of the African Scenery and Climate-Peculiarities of the Natives-Where Men Do Sewing and Women Farming.

mate—Peculiarities of the Natives—Where

Men De Sewing and Wemen Farming.

From the Christian Recorder.

The following interesting letter was handed to us by Mr. William Still:

Dear Friend: Yours of July 15 came safe to hand early in Sectember. I arrived at the station on the 20th of May, after an overland journey, in a hammock, of eleven miles, Would that I could describe the picturesque scenes of the Congo River and country. The evergreen bluffs of the mighty river and the gigantic peaks of the mountainous valley are truly grand. I arrived at the close of the rainy season, and therefore enjoyed the cold season first. We are expecting rains now within the next ten days. This is our spring time. It is beginning to get very warm. Two days ago it was 93° Fahrenheit in the shade. It seems so strange to see the trees putting out fresh leaves and the flowers blooming when there has been no rain for five months; not even a shower. What can it possibly be that steals away the vital powers of foreigners in this delightful climate, save that it is the excessive growth and decay of vegetation? This I think poisons the air. There is no other way, it seems to me, of accounting for the death rate of foreigners. I think if the country is ever cleared up, the climate will be even superior to that of Florida. I have been as well as I would have been at home. Have not had a single fever as yet; feel that I have much to be truly grateful for to lim from whom all blessings flow.

The English Baptist Society have lost six of their Congo missionaries this year. You will, of course, want some description of the people in this my first visit from the great valley. They are for the most part peaceful on the lower rivers; vary much in features, form, and color. They have marks, such as taking out the centre upper from teeth, notching the same, sharpening all the upper fronts to a point, picking certain shaped marks in their forcheads and temples, and making animals, or a great many small marks, on their chests and backs to distinguish From the Christian Recorder

bearing the bissel story of the consequent of the provided of manner. Our five system is of the work of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of the work of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of the work of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of the work of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of the work of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of the work of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of the work of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of the work of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of the work of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of the work of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of the work of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of the work of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of the work of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of the work of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of the work of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of the work of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of the work of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of the work of the Holy Spirit in the heart of the work of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of the work of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of the work of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of the With Spirit in the work of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of the With Spirit in the work of the Holy Spirit in the heart of the With Spirit in the With 

ODDS AND ENDS IN TRELAND.

led-hot Free Trade Talk From an English Economist—How My Lord, the Marquis, Breakfasts with His Sycophants—In an Irish District Court—The Latest and Mest Hidienloue Sensation—A Talk with Davist

DUBLIN, Dec. 20 .- One of the best known of English political economists, who has written books on social problems, thrust his head out of his doorway opposite mins in the hotel this morning, and bawled so for hot water that my ceble request of a similar nature was drowned.

"I've two servants now," he said, savagely, as he nodded a recognition. "When I had none I got along capitally. Then I got a man and straightway found myself continually wanting. Later I added a courier to my domestic entourage, and now I am absolutely destitute. One more servant, and I shall be utterly helpless Let me see-where did I see you last?"

"Cuba."
"I finished there and returned to England to put my investigations on paper. I've just finished a short tour in Ireland, and it has convinced me absolutely that Great Britain will be forced within a very short time to take up protection and abandon free trade. I don't care a rap about the political significance of the crisis to-day as far as the two parties in the Houses of Parliament are concerned, for I don't believe home rule has anything to do with the case."

He clutched his pajamas more firmly around his neck, and, leaning further out of the door, shook his grizzled head, and said: "I came in last night from a town in the south of Ireland called Mallow, where a friend of mine had just inherited a big flour mill. The mill was formerly the property of Sir John Arnott, and that gentleman sank £100,000—half a million of your dollars—in one year trying to compete with American flour. He had no protection, and failed. Thousands of people were thrown out of employment. My friend inherited the mill, and, after looking the magnificent property over, I went with him to his solicitor's in Cork. And what—what, sir," asked the enthusiast, advancing into the passage in the heat of his remarks, "what do you think his solicitor's advice was? To sell the machinery for old iron, remove everything of value that could be sold, and then refuse to pay his rent so as to be evicted, and thus throw the property, with its poll tax of £160 per annum, on the landlord. In this way my friend may get a few hundred pounds out of it, and he will avoid paying the neavy poll tax." "Is the feeling strong for protection all

through Ireland ?" "Everywhere in Ireland, and England, too. Why, even the poor starving wretches in the London streets have caught the cry from the unfortunate English farmers, and are printing Protection" on their banners. But the press never notes it. When a movement begins down among the people it never grows smaller. America should take warning by us. It's amusing to see the owl-like solemnity of the comments of our papers on President Cleveland's free trade message. If there is any logic in circumstances. America should be guided by the misery of Great Britain. Oh, by the way. I'm travelling incog., you know; hope you won't

expose me?"

At this moment the maid appeared with the water jugs, there was a slamming of doors, and, when I got down to the coffee room, I found that the eminent political economist had de-parted for Liverpool by the Holyhead boat.

One of the most remarkable sights I ever witnessed was a most noble Marquis at breakfast in a Dublin hotel. The nobleman had run over from England to attend to some suits and evictions on one of his Irish estates. The estate in question extended over thirty miles of good farm land. A landlord here is a landlord, indeed. This particular nobleman had achieved great prominence during his stay by the singu-lar and persistent fad that he displayed for

lar and persistent fad that he displayed for soiled linen. The Irish press exceeded itself in describing the shirt of the most noble—as he was invariably styled—Marquis.

He came into the coffee room yesterday morning with rather an irresolute step and an eye that wavered behind his single glass. His attire was shabby and his shirt all that it was held up to be. He was about 45, and decidedly peevish. None of his travelling companions had shown up, and the Marquis stood warming a pair of carelessly cared-for hands at the fire till a waiter approached with a deferential bow and whispered:

"Perhaps your lordship would like to sit down."

I was in a district court in county Louth the other day when a Mrs. Grogan was up for examination for trying to beat a neighbor's child because the neighbor had pitchforked her pig. The witness was bland and polite; the counsel—a small Irishman, with a fringe of dun-

colored whiskers and an enormous red nose— immensely dignified and impressive.

"Mrs. Grogan." he asked in a tremendous voice. "you own a pig ?"

Yis. air."

"Mrs. Mulligan has a boy."

"Shure she galle it such."

"Is it a good nig?"

" It's got pig?"
" A kind pig?"
" Is, sir."
" A handsome pig?"
" Yis, sir."
" Did it ever tell you it had been bitten?"
" Who, the boy?"
" No, the pig!"
" No, the pig?"

"No, the pig?"
"Yes."
"What no?"
"I don't mean any no. I mean Mrs. Mulligan. Did she tell you he was bitten?"
"Who, the pig?"
"No, th' boy."
"Know phat boy."
"Know th' boy." thundered the excited counsel with magnificent eloquence, "what bit the pig."

sel with magnificent electrons, the pig. If the boy ever bit my pig I'd.

"Glong! If th' boy ever but my pig 10 kill 'im."
"Who, the pig."
"No, th' boy."
At this point the counsel handed his witness down with the quiet smile of a man who has won a great legal battle.

No. th' boy.

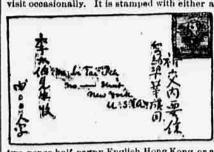
At this point the counsel handed his witness down with the quiet smile of a man who has won a great legal battle.

The whole kingdom is excited over a wild scare in the London Times, concerning the "American Dynamite party." Bulletins and placards are in all the hotels and Post Offices about the revelations in the Times, and everybody is taking about the great sensation of the day. I bought a copy of the Thunderer an hour ago and found columns of fisrce editorials based on the "sensation" in guestion. Then I turned to the "sensation in the times of the columns and yet it was given a degree of prominence far in advance of all else in the paper. The article in question was a third of a column in length, came from a man who was unknown in the Times office, whose address was also unknown, and whom the Times did not expect to see again. Yet they printed his statements as absolute facts without even taking the ordinary trouble of tabling to New York for confirmation. The mythical man said in substance that O'Donovan Rossa had retired and his famous Chambers street offices were occupied by Dr. Hamilton Williams, "the head centre of the extreme section," who was constantly supplied by American citizens with a fund of \$1.000.000 for the purpose of blowling up eminent Englishmen and great public buildings in London," The main portion of stie article, however, was devoted to a glowing description of the large and imposing staff of American dynamiters in the spacious offices lately occupied by O'Donovan Rossa. I remember these magnificent quarters very well. At a pinch the O'Donovan Rossa office ould hold two men. If they kept their logs well under their chairs, It is a shabby little room at the very top of an old buildings in Chambers street, and it offers a shift protection to the \$1.000.000 which the American people are "cons

The Pantastic Superscriptions Upon Mail Matter from China to New York.

There is no national postal system in China, and only in the larger cities are regular private companies established for the purpose of carrying the mails from one city to another, but never into the interior country. The few thousand Celestials in New York receive on an average about 400 letters a day, which are delivered by carriers at the thirty odd stores in Mott street and among the laundrymen throughout the city. Such of these letters as come from China are addressed originally in Chinese characters, though as a rule the street number and the name of the city are writ-

ten in English, which is often spelled after Chinese methods, be-cause the Chinamen Chinese methods, because the Chinamen cannot always pronounce the names plainly to the English writers of the addresses, A Chinaman wishing to write to a friend in New York writes the letter in the Chinese language, of course, and it is sent to a local private Chinese language, of course, and it is sent to a local private Chinese language, of course, and it is sent to a local private Chinese language, of course, and it is sent to a local private Chinese and the direction enclosed. When thus money for postage and the back of a Chinese letter looks about like the drawing in the margin. The characters signify, as nearly as they may be translated: "This enclosed important letter, please deliver to Mr. Li Tal Peh, No. ——street, New York, America. From Hong Kee." The private Hong Kong postal agent places this letter in another wrapper and readdresses it in both English and Chinese characters, as is shown below. The letters are commonly sent in care of some Chinese grocery of good standing which the Chinamau to whom it is sent is supposed to visit occasionally. It is stamped with either a



two-pence half-permy English Hong Kong, or a five-cent American stamp, and then delivered to some Chinese firm having direct dealings with the American consulate, whence the letter is sent to the United States in the regular course of the mail.

When the letter reaches New York it is delivered by carrier as any other letter would be, no attention being paid to the tea-chest characters which cover it. The identity of the Chinaman to whom a letter is addressed cannot be determined by the letter carrier, of course. The name of the recipient is written in Chinese and then translated in Hong Kong. The nearest English equivalents of entirely different names are sometimes identical, as in the case of the name Li Tail Peh, that being as near a translation as the average

Li Tai Peh, that being as near a translation as the average interpreter is capable of making of these two names. A and B, which will be seen at a glance to be very different names, in fact.

But when this letter, for instance, is delivered at the Chinese headquarters in Mott street it may be claimed by either of the two Chinemen called Li Tai Peh, and as among the Chinese no penalty attaches to the opening of a letter belonging to another, very important missives in this way often go astray.

Chromatic Lunchess.

Fronthe Baltimere America.

Washington, Dec. 29.—Mrs. Allan McLane gave a pale green and red luncheon to-day at her home on lowa Circle. The entertainment was very unique, and was given in honor of Mrs. and Miss Cropper of New York, who are staying with Mrs. McLane. The central decoration of the table was a great oblong mound of poinsetta flowers, fringed with maiden-hair ferns, in an epergne of Bohemian glass; at either end of the table were silver bowls containing ferns, growing. The less were in the form of red roses and bunches of green grapes; the cakes and bon bons were green and red, and the punches were served in boxes, edged with poinsetta leaves and forms.

ANCIENT HISTORY OF DOGS. Some Account of the Origin of these Ani-mais, with Illustrations from the Egyptian.

Among the legends borrowed from the apocryphal books, there are many which re-late to the creation of the world. One of these states, that when the Lord had created Adam and Eve, he stationed at the gates of Paradise the dog, then a clean beast, giving it strict the dog, then a clean beast, giving it strict orders not to give admittance to the Evil One. But the Evil One came to the gates of Paradise and threw the dog a piece of bread, and the dog then let the Evil One into Paradise. Then the Evil One set to work and spat over Adam and Eve, and covered them all over with spittle from the head to the little toe of the left foot. So Adam and Eve were turned out of Paradise, and the Lord said unto the dog: "Listen, Ol Dog, thou wer't a dog (Sobaka), a clean beast through all Paradise the most holy did'st thou roam. Henceforth shalt thou be a hound (Pvos), an unclean beast, into a dwelling it shall be a sin to admit thee; into a church if thou dost run, the church must be consecrated anew."—"Businef Essay on the Russian Popular Epos."

Another tradition states that the dog was originally naked, i. e., without hair, but the Devil, in order to seduces if from its loyalty, gave it a coat of hair. Now, taking it for granted that this legend and tradition is true, it seems that our ancestors, as well as the ancestors of our dogs, were created at about the same early date.

The Lord must have had great confidence in the dog when he placed him in such a responsible position as guarding the gates of Paradise; at that time this was probably the only dog, and when the Devil gave him the broad he fell.

Now it is evident that from this dog our pressure. orders not to give admittance to the Evil One.

responsible position as guarding the gates of Paradise; at that time this was probably the only dog, and when the Devil gave him the bread he fell.

Now it is evident that from this dog our present race of dogs are all descended, and that like man they have one common ancestor.

Again, this legend settles forever the long-disputed question as to the origin of the dog; for we find at the gates of Paradise a dog, and that dog a hound; so hereafter let it be the verdict of all dogry men that in the beginning there was a dog, and that that dog was a hound; and it is, I am sorry to say, an open question as to the kind of a hound, but the hound men can claim the first dog, and I leave to the different hound clubs the privilege of settling this question among themselves.

Now, if the dog had only left the bread alone, and had kept the Evil One out of Paradise, our Mother Eve would not have eaten the apple, and then, after being born, we would have lived on forever.

Eve and her race

after being born, we would have lived on forever.

Eve and her race was punished, and for neglect of duty so was the dog.

Sir Walter Scott said: "The misery of keeping a dog is his dying so soon; but, to be sure, if he lived for fifty years and then died, what would become of me?" Now, it is possible that if this Paradise dog had strictly attended to his business and done his duty, he, too, would have lived on forever.

The Lord drove him out of Paradise, yet he did not choose the Evil One for his master or his God, for Bacon says, in his Essay on Atheism: "That man is the God of the dog," and those of us who are familiar with the dog know this to be true.

Ruskin says: "There is in every animal's eye a dim image and gleam of humanity, a flash of strange light, through which their life looks out and up to one great mystery of command over

Ruskin says: "There is in every animal's eye a dim image and gleam of humanity, a flash of strange light, through which their life looks out and up to one great mystery of command over them, and claims the fellow ship of the creature. If not only in the gleam of the soul." It is not only in the gleam of the very wag of his tail, that we can prove Lord Bacon's assertion to be true. No other animal possesses the lovely and disinterested disposition of the dog; it is in every way unsellish.

It is impossible to discern whether it is reason or instinct. According to Paley, "Instinct is a propensity prior to experience and independent of instruction." Whatley says: "Instinct is a billed tendency to some mode of action independent of any consideration on the part of the agent of the end to which the action leads." Hamilton says: "Instinct is an agent which performs blindly and ignorantly a work of intelligence and knowledge."

The dog is born with instinct but is certainly canable of acquiring knowledge.

The carliest portions of the sacred writings frequently mention the dog as a domesticated animal. I know that most writers claim that our dogs are all descended from the wolf, but this supine origin is certainly not the true one. You can never tame or domesticate the two wolf. The young wolf is always born wild, and if you should attempt to domesticate him your efforts and energy will be required on each wolf whelp, and you will find that it is necessary to commence at about the time his wolfsnip opens his eyes. While the wolf and the dog approach each other very closely in type, yet we find them very different in character and disposition. They will breed together, and their progeny are fertile.

We are indebted for most of our ancient knowledge of the dog to the writings of Herodeus, Strabo, Plutarch, Plato, Homer, Pliny, Wo find that the Egyptians had several breeds of dogs, viz., the hound, the mastiff, the turnsoit, fox dogs, and grayhounds. I present sketches of these dogs from the sculptures.

The dog was hel

sketches of these dogs from the sculptures.
The dog was heid in great veneration and esteem in many parts of Expt. and treated with divine honors in the city of Cynopolis. Whenever a dog died all the inmates of the house shaved their heads and their whole body, and if there was any wine or corn in the house not to be applied to any use. The body of the dog was properly embalmed, wrapped in linen, and deposited in the tomb, the bystanders beating themselves in token of grief and uttering lamentations in their honor.

Strabo tells us a stated quantity of provisions was always supplied by the inhabitants for the maintenance of their dogs, and so tenacious were they of the respect due to them that a civil war raged for some time between them and the people of Oxyshynchus in consequence of the inhabitants having killed and eaten a number of dogs.

Flutarch says the Expytians paid the greatest

of the inhabitants having killed and eaten a number of dors.

Plutarch says the Egyptians paid the greatest reverence and honor to the dog. He was sacred, and universally worshipped.

Some ancient authors say the dog was fabled to have been the guard of Isis and Osiris, and to have been revered on account of its assisting Isis in her search after the dead body of her husband, for which reason, they add, dogs are made to head the procession in the ceremonies of Isis.

Herodotus tells us that their dogs were embalmed and deposited in sacred chests, and

husband, for which reason, they add, dogs are made to head the procession in the ceremonies of Isis.

Herodotus tells us that their dogs were embalmed and deposited in sacrod chests, and that their funeral rites were performed with great honor; and it is evident from the dog mummles found that great care was taken in the mode of embalming them.

In the account of the Israelites from Egypt, we find: "Nor shall a dog open his mouth," and also that Solomon was not above noticing the dog.

"The Egyptians," says M, Elzear Blaze, "seeing in the horizon a superb star which appeared always at the precise time when the overflowing of the Nile commenced, gave to it the name of Sirius (The Barker), because it appeared to show itself expressly in order to warn the laborra against the inundation."

They then decreed that Sirius was a god, and was represented with the body of a man and the head of a dog, and took the name of Anubis, son of Osiris, and its image was placed at the gates of the temple. The dog being the symbol of vigilance, it was thus intended to warn princes of their constant duty to watch over the welfare of their people.

In the epigrams of Martial, written in Rome during the first century, occur the following:

"Issa is more playful than the sparrow of Catullus. Issa is more pure than the kiss of a dove. Issa is more pour than any maiden the sorrow and the gladness of her master. Sho lies reclined upon his neck and sleeps, so that not a respirator is the adventure, in which you will see an issa so like that not even herself is so like herself. In a word, place issa and the picture side by side, and you will imagine either both read or both painted."

This epigram, written by Marcus Valerius Martialis during the reign of Domitian, the last of the twelve Casars, not only gives the information that, at this early day, the dog was the pet of man and man the god of the dog, but suggested this poem, which was published in the English Journal of Education, January, 1856:

Issa were pure and cleanly in her way Tas

nary, 1500;
Issai's more full of aport and wanton play
Thus that pet sparrow by Catultus sung
Issai's more pure and cleanly in her way
Than kisses from the amorous torties tongue. Issa more winsome is than any girl That ever yet entranced a lover's sight. Issa's more precious than the indian pearl; Issa's my Publius, favorite, and delight. Her plaintive voice fails and as one that weeps; Her master's cares and woes sike she shares. Sofily inclined upon his neck she sleeps.
And scarce to sigh or draw her breath she dares.

When Nature calls she modestly obeys.
Nor on the counterpane one drop will shed.
But warns her lord, with gentle foot, and prays
That, he will raise and lift her from the bed.

So chaste is she, of contact so afraid, She knows not Venus rites, nor do we find A husband worthy of such dainty maid. 'Mong all the clamorous suitors of her kind,

Her, lest the day of fate should nothing leave. In pictured form my Publius hath portrayed. Where, you so lifelike Issa might perceive That not herself a better likeness made.

Issa, together with her portrait lay, Both real, or both depicted, you would say."

Now, will Fifth avenue and Murray Hill belies, when the nurse is doing up in paper or curling kids your pet Skye terrier's hair, remember that Syrus Publius, the great Latin comic poet, who flourished at Rome 42 years B. C., had the very same thing done with his pat Issa. Publius was in no sense a dude or a silly person, for we find that St. Jerome said that a collection of moral sentences from the farces of Publius was a school book at Rome.

THE GLORIES OF THE CHASE. A Lively Two-legged Bear.

Prom the Lewiston Journal.
On Saturday last a bear was started in the

On Saturday last a bear was started in the town of Brighton, about ten miles above Athens. He was pursued by men and dogs all day long, and at night they had run him down into our town, when, night coming on, the hunters camped at Wilson Wells.

In the morning of Christmas they started in pursuit again and found that he had passed down south by the village, crossing the road near Joshua Dunton's. They tracked him up into the mountain which lies to the south of our village, and came in sight of him several times during the day. Night coming on again, they had to drop the pursuit until morning. At noon next day they had surrounded him and driven him to close quarters.

Ho showed plenty of fight, and but for a little dog which attacked him in the rear causing him to turn, one of the hunters probably would have got a taste of the quality of his teeth and claws. His gun refused fire at close quarters, where he clubbed it to defend himself. The bear being right upon him at this juncture, the dog russed in and fastened to the bear, who at once turned his attention to the dog; the other hunters coming up at once ended the race with a few well-aimed bullets.

On examination the bear was found to have but two legs, one hind log evidently having been taken off long ago above the gambrel joint, and one fore leg above the knee joint and close to the body. Notwithstanding he had but the two legs he would canter off as though he had four, and gave the men a sharp race.

Killed a Moose with his Pistel,

From the Bangor Commercial. While a young man in Ashland was going home late from a dance the other night, he saw ahead of him in the road a peculiar-looking animal. He could not tell what it was, but drew a little revolver which he had in his pocket and fired at the beast to scare it away. The beast made a move for him after the first shot, and the scared young man emptied the other four barrels into it in quick succession. Upon this the creature bounded away in the darkness, and the young man was just congratulating himself upon his escape, when it appeared again headed in his direction. He had just time to push another cartridge into his revolver and fire plump at the big four-footed beast. He knew that the shot had taken effect, for he saw the animal fall in the bushes by the side of the road, breathing heavily. Finally summoning all his courage the young fellow sprang upon his antagonist, cut its throat, and then started on a run for home for help. Five or six men went back with him, carrying lanterns, and found an enormous bull moose just breathing his last. While a young man in Ashland was going

Close Work with a Panther.

Close Work with a Panther.

Prom the St. Albans Messenger.

Engineer Markham and his fireman had athrilling encounter with a panther last Sunday night on the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad, between Minden and Axtell. Between the two places named the engine slipped an eccentric and came to a standstill. Markham and the fireman got out to set matters to rights and had about completed the job when both heard a yell that made their blood run cold, and before either could turn a large panther sprang upon the engineer and buried his claws in his shoulders. The fireman had a heavy wrench in his hand, and with this struck the brute on the head. This partially stunned the animal, and he loosened his hold on the engineer, but before either man could take advantage of this situation he made a vicious leap for the fireman and buried one of his claws in his left arm. Engineer Markham by this time had drawn his revolver, and by a lucky shot struck the brute between the eyes, killing him instantly. Both men were badly hurt, and will be laid up. The panther measured nearly six feet from the end of the nose to the tip of his tail, and weighed nearly 200 pounds.

Mollie Bergen Shoots a Buck.

Miss Molile Bergen, a lass of 16 summers, whose parents reside on Pool Slough, Yaquina, heard the dog making a great noise the other morning, and on looking out saw a deer jump into the slough. She stepped quickly into the house, picked up her father's Winchester, returned to the door, raised the rifle, and fired. The first shot struck the animal in the head, the second in the shoulder, and the third and last went through the animal's heart, killing it. She then stepped down to the bank of the slough, unmoored a small boat, rowed to where the buck lay floating in the water, pulled the carcass into the boat, and succeeded in getting it on shore before any of the men appeared. The buck, when dressed, weighed 200 pounds. From the Portland Oregonian.

News of the Spelling Reformers who are

Scandalized by English Orthography. Those persons who imagine that the movement for reforming the spelling of English words has got no further than the dropping of the last two letters in the word programme several times a week in the Evening Post are just as much mistaken as are those who sup-pose there is much of a following for those cranks who occasionally write to the press letters in which every word is fantastically misspelled. There is in this country a regular organization called the Spelling Reform Association working in cooperation with a similar body in England for the gradual simplification of spelling, in the belief that it can be brought about and that "it will be worth while even if it takes," as one said, "a hundred years to get THE SUN to use an if in the place of the present ph." This association held its winter meeting on last Thursday in Columbia College building, where Melvil Dewey, the Secretary, is the college Bristen of the association, and there are thirteen other college professors, five editors, and some college Presidents and principals of leading schools among the officers. These include President Barnard of Columbia, Howard Crosby, William H. Ward. Oseph Medill, and Profs. Whitney and Lounsberry of Yale. The association publishes a magazine called Spellma, and pushes i 3 work in every direction by every means that it can utilize. It boasts of having the more or less hearty support and cooperation of such men as Max Muller, Philip Schaff, Henry Morley, W. E. Gladstone, R. Heber Newton, Andrew D. White, Richard Morris, Bishop Potter, Prof. Sumner, Col. Higginson of Cambridge, Mass., and at least 120 others as eminent as all but two or three of the above. They quote Gladistone as having said, "I often think if I wore a foreigner and had to set about learning English I should go mad." Among the dead they claim kinship dithard ambition/ with Bulwer Lytton, John Start Mill. Ben Franklin, and Richard Morriship Resolution with Bulwer Lytton, John Start Mill. Ben Franklin, and Richard Morriship Resolution in 1876, but it help from the words which they recommended a form of pledge which they ask their friends to sign as an agreement that they will adopt the two organizations have are separate and distinct bodies. I have give him they see common membership, they ever separate and distinct and more selling is the presented to in 1881, and by that time they had extended

BEATEN BY TWO DEUCES.

Dakota's Biggest Came of Poker.

Back in the fifties, when the northern portion of the Territory of Dakota was hardly more than a bleak waste of uncultivated lands, the town of Fembian was founded by Localitation of the Herselmany From the Localitation of the Herselmany From the Countrigities as he was for his physical deformities. Enos emigrated to Dakota from the bucklebery districts of Connegotieut and located in the Upper Red River Valley, where he filed and proved up on \$20 acres of Government land, which was the ground on which had been been and the local territory of the herselman and the local territory and he was unable to travel without the sid of two short and powerful crutches. He was a shrewd, calculating follow, and soon became the recognized leader among the handful of emigrants who had taken up their residence in his neighbour had an equal in the Territory, and for four consecutive seeksons he was Chairman of the Council, the upper branch of the Territorial Legislature, and the old war horses who weathered the political battles of carly days in the Territory, when the old story-and-a-hald capitol building rang as often with the report of a revolver as with the vice of a lawmakes, to-day testify in glowing territor in the Stritory, when he was thanked in the Perritory, when the old story-and-a-hald capitol building rang as often with the roport of a revolver as with the vice of a lawmakes, to-day testify in glowing territor in the string of the month of the County testify in glowing territor in the territory and the proper of the most prospersous districts in the northern half of Dakota.

Among his other ecompilishments Enos had acquired a thorough knowledge of the game of draw poker, for which he had an uncontrollation and the protect of the many set the stories told by his old acqualationess of his recklossness at the other capital and the protect was a strength of the county of the results of the proper of the county of the reality of the stiffest game of poker ever played in the Old Parkets.

The game read the proper of the

to make up the balance.

"My word is good, ain't it, Judd?" asked Stutsman, looking across the table.

"As good as gold," replied Judd.
"Then," continued Stutsman, "if I lose I'll deed you 320 acres of land in the centre of the town of Pembina."

The men shook hands, According to agreement the hand was to be dealt by E. A. Williams of Bismarck, Speaker of the House of Representatives, the cards to be thrown on the table face up. When the five cards had been dealt each man was to discard and draw, the cards being thrown face up by the dealer as before, and when the cards had been dealt the highest hand was to take the bot.

Excitement ran high, and to prevent any trickery on his part, Williams was seated in the centre of the table, with his logs turned under him like a Turk, in the full glare of the oil lamp that was suspended from the ceiling. The friends of the two men crowded around the table, and Williams was threatened with summary treatment if he should in any manner manipulate the cards so as to give either man an advantage. Deftly Williams shuffled the cards, and, squaring them, slipped one from the top of the pack and laid it down under

man an advantage. Deftly Williams shuffled the cards, and, squaring them, slipped one from the top of the pack and laid it down under Judd's nose. It was a deuce, Stutsman caught the queen of spades.

The next card came off, and Judd caught another deuce. The four spot of spades turned up under Stutsman's nose, and his brow wrinkled a little. Again the cards fell, and Judd placed the ace of diamonds beside his two deuces, while the jack of spades looked up into Stut's face. Once more the dealer laid down the cards, and to Judd came the trey of clubs, while his opponent caught the ace of spades. Stutsman's face began to brighten, he saw a possibility of catching a flush, but the next card that came to him was a heart, but Judd had not bettered his hand, and held his deuces, drawing three cards.

Stutsman's friends tried to prevail or him to draw four cards to his gee, but he wouldn't listen to them, and, discarding the heart, he drew one card, hoping to fill the flush. The onlookers were wild as Williams threw three cards to Judd. They foll face up, the queen of clubs, jack of diamonds, and ten snot of clubs. He had not bettered his hand, and his opponent smiled grimly as he saw how severely fortune must snub him now if she failed to bring him a winning hand, for if he paired any of the four cards he hald he must best Judd's deuces; besides, there was a possibility of his filling his flush. Judd had evidently lost hope, and he rested his arms on the table and doggedly watched Williams as he turned to Stutsman and slipped a card from the pack. All stretched their necks to catch sight of the card. It fell at last face up, the eight spot of clubs.

The game was over. Judd had won, and as he shoved his hand over the table to Stutsman the latter grasped it and shook it as though he had forgotten that it had played sad havoe with his finances.

True to his wor! as he always was, Stutsman deeded the 320 acres of land to La Moure, who holds a good share of it to-day, though he has sold a large portion of it and realized

A Sectional Row in a Boston Literary Club,

A Sectional Row in a Wosten Literary Club, From the Himscapelis Tribuse.

Boston, Dec. 23.—Spenking of clubs reminds me of an incident in one of the vory intellectual literary clubs that cluster in the suburbs of Boston, and that exist to stimulate intellectual growth by the aid of weekly discussions in which men and women join. The club in question at its last meeting raked up for debate the somewhat gone-by issue of human slavery, and two of the brightest female members were called upon to read papers, one on either side of the question. The lady whose part it waste defend slavery is a Southerner by birth, and would appear to be an utreconstructed robel, inasmuch as she launched out into the most flery invective in support of her side. The other lady grow indignant, and there was a flerce was of words between the two. At last the husbands took up the fight, and there was a pitched battle, in which the original subject of warfare was entirely lost sight of in the personal abuse and bitter denunciation that were hurled back and forth. In fact, there was almost as flerce was different row as that which Bret Harte tells broke up "The Society on the Stanislaus," though hostilities were happily stopped before physical blows were struck.

Among Sportsmen.

At 'the last shooting in Biundel Maple's coverts at Childwickbury, Eng., the bag consisted of 652 head of pheasants large, and rabbits.

Two boys of Bomerset, N. V., near Buffalo, naw a large white owl sty over their heads and slight on a fenne. They took opposite sides of the raths and banged away. One fell with a builter pierchus his lip, passang between his teeth, and lodging in the back of his back. It is related of Sir Edward Bradford that one day tiger shooting he missed his aim, and was instantly in the tiger's clutches. He related death, and the beast took Sir Edward's arm in its mouth, and chewed it to the elbow. His companions came up and released him. Had he moved or armaned the tiger would probably have despatched him at once.

despatched him at once.

In the sleigh of James Rankin, which was found near Broken flow. Nob., were his remains, with the reins held firmly by his right hand. He had gone hunting, and his gun, having slipped from the seat, was discharged the entire load entering his heart. The dash had set his clothing on fire, and it was all burned off, with the exception of his overshoes and the feet of his felt boots. Farmer Peck's two young sons tackied a full grown cintamon bear near their home on Upper Hornet Crock, Idaho, fired, but missed it. The bear turned on the boys, who fired a second shot and ktokess leg, but the bear kepi right on, knocked the gun from one of the boyr hands and then caught his arm in his mouth. He brother, agod 12, ran up, put his gun against the bear's head, and blew out his brains.